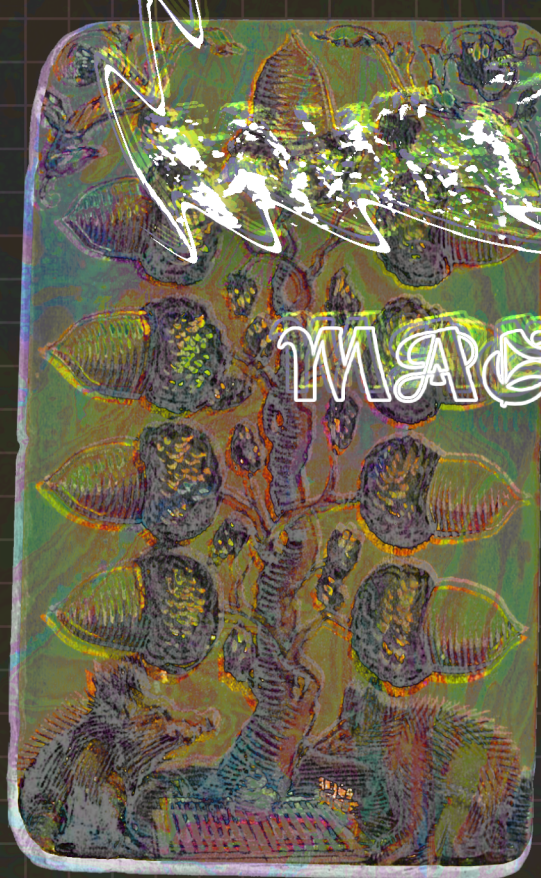
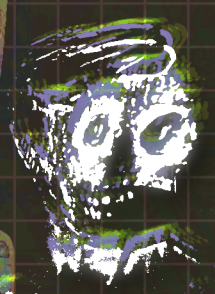




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# The Clay Cup

In Two Accounts

**Commentary:** Quite a few comments have been posted about [The Clay Cup](#).

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## The First Account of the Clay Cup

By Pseudo-Dharmakīrtiśrī

Written c.970 - 1100

Translated by Benjamin Jewett

### Table of Contents

### Book I

Asymmetric, on the veranda contained by the fractal stone face statuary, sat the monk, sipping on his tea when the man pulled up. The man rolled his velveted stag hide slippers across the smooth cobbles until he was exactly 3 inches from the back of the monk's uniquely bald slippery skull which lacked even the portations for hairs to grow through if they had existed in the first place.

Ma. "Lemme buy that cup"  
Mo. "Wuh"

With his left eyebrow thrust suddenly into a violent parabolic inclination, the monk jerked his body enough to place his left eye about in contact with the right eye of the man. They stared at each other in this way for some time

Ma. "Lemme buy that cup.  
Mo. "But I'm still drinking my tea"  
Ma. "Aight drink it then"

Before the monk's skeletal and famished ego could concoct any mechanism of defence or delay, his hand had already brought the cup to his gulping mouth. Then, by some small shame his mind turned to his order, and their lack of means, and how should he obtain even some small amount of money he could liberate himself as well as no few number of his brothers from several days, or possibly even weeks of begging, and thereby gain more time for higher pursuits of lower things.

Mo. "Very well, let's make it a fair deal. I'd be willing to let it go for say one square drachma per 144 wheatberries of weight."  
Ma. "Okay, but I don't want to pay for the weight of the clay though."  
Mo. "What?" his head retreating back with a rapid oscillation, as if some aggravated horsefly were bouncing around the inside.  
Ma. "I don't want to pay for the clay man, I just want the cup."  
Mo. "My brother...it's a clay cup, they're one and the same."  
Ma. "No no no. You can keep the clay, I just want the cup."

The monk stared through the man in perplexion, he stared through the wall behind the man, and past the courtyard behind the wall, over the fields and pastures beyond the courtyard, and beyond the fields and pastures out into the undying stretches of the sea. The monk took a moment to recover himself, and through the power of learned insight projected himself into his pudgy lower lip, fully aware of the air passing over it into his mouth before he wrestled it back into contact with his thin, stretching, simian upper lip before the grubby plan in his smooth head opened the gates of his mouth once again in speech.

Mo. "Okay okay okay. But you have to pay for the cup by the weight of the silicates then."  
Ma. "That's fine. Those shits don't weight anything anyway."  
Mo. "Wha? Wuh? The silicates brother, the Clay, the the Clay, is made up of silicates, they weigh the same amount."  
Ma. "Why didn't you just say that in the first place then? Gimmie the cup for free since the silicates weigh nothing, and you say the clay weighs the same as the silicates."  
Mo. "No. No. Look, brother brother brother, the cup brother, the cup," said the monk, sweeping his hand towards the cup and scooping it up, "obviously if I pick it up" he said, shaking the cup violently, such that the last drops of tea came flying out at numerous angles of varying egregarity, "it weights something, see?"  
Ma. "Yeah, but the silicates don't weigh anything though."  
Mo. "How, how could you possibly believe that?"  
Ma. "Well how much of the weight of the silicates comes from the clay and how much comes from the elements, like all the aluminium and the oxygen and shit?"  
Mo. "Brother they're the same thing, they're together." Ma. "Nah man, that's foolish. Ignorant. Ignant." The man sweeps the room with his eyes, plowing furrows in his forehead.  
Ma. "Look at the table here. How much do you think this weighs?"  
Mo. "I don't know, why would that matter?" putting his elbows on the wooden table The man starts to shake the table, dislodging the monk's elbows, then teeters it from front to back, then left to right.  
Ma. "I'd say this wooden table weighs about 700-800 wheatberries."  
Mo. "And?"



Mo. "I don't how this is relevant."  
Ma. "Let's say 700 wheatberries"  
Mo. "Fine, 700 wheatberries, where are you going with this?"  
Ma. "Okay, well how many of those 700 wheatberries weight of the wooden table is from the wood and how much is table? If I chop your old dumbass, splintery ass, churel wood ass table into 100 pieces and put em on a scale it won't be a table anymore but it'll still weigh the same, well maybe minus a couple splinters that went flying, but whatever you get the point."  
  
Not only did the monk not get the point, but he thought that the point which the man was attempting to make was as retarded as the man making it. Mo. "You know what, whatever, don't pay for the weight of the silicates, don't pay for the weight of elements either, just pay me by the atom. But there's a lot of these fucking atoms so it's gonna cost you more, one square drachma for every 10,000 atoms, and you can count them up too, I'll even accept an estimate."  
Ma. "But I want the cup though. What would I do with the atoms? I could just take atoms from anywhere anyway, they're all the same really."  
Mo. "No they aren't idiot. Different atoms have different numbers of protons, and different numbers of neutrons, and different numbers of electrons. That's why they're different. If they were all the same everything would be the same retard."  
Ma. "Shit, well that's news to me. You know when they name something 'the indivisible' you can hardly blame a guy for not knowing they would divide that shit. It doesn't matter anyway, just gimme the cup and I'll pick those out new-trons and for-tons or whatever out of some other atoms on my way home."  
Mo. "What? What are you even saying? You know it doesn't work that way right? You can't just go picking the protons and newtrons out of different atoms and putting them in different place."  
Ma. "Okay genius, how'd they fit them all in the cup in the first place then?"  
Mo. "Well when they dug up the earth and mol-"  
Ma. "Wait wait wait. Hold up. The earth? Like the dirt?"  
Mo. "Yes the dirt, clay is a type of - they're the sam-"  
Ma. "Now you're trying to sell me dirt when I've been trying to buy a cup. What kind of fool do you think I am? You're not pulling one over on me like that just by manipulating words like some kind of street dealer hiding the ball under the boxes! I'll kill you! I'll fucking kill you!"

The clouds perpendicular to the verenda parted, the sun shined a perfect beam into the chamber behind it and the birds began to sing joyously. The Man began to strangele the Monk, and in the struggle the clay cup was cast off the verenda into the river below, disintegrating upon impact, and washing out into the silty water which it became.

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# S O S A P R I N C E P S R E S U R R E C T U S A M O R T U I S

## C A R M E N P R I M U M

I	Can't trust every face bitch <sup>α</sup> you gotta watch em Never trust a bitch shit <sup>β</sup> you gotta watch em We just do our thing and the feds <sup>γ</sup> watchin' All we do is turn up <sup>δ</sup> , we some damn monsters	Non potes quaslibet facies credere, canicula, debes eas observare. Noli quidem umquam caniculam credere, merda! debes eas observare. Agimus saltem rem nostram, vigilibus observantibus	I
V	Can't trust every face shit I gotta watch em Chief Keef sosa <sup>ε</sup> I'm a known topic <sup>ζ</sup>	Tantummodo quod facimus est sursum versare, nos sumus quædam monstra damnata. Non possum quaslibet facies credere, merda, debeo eas observare. Keef Princeps sosa, notum sum topicum	V

*Bitch, one cannot trust every face, one must watch them. Never trust a bitch (shit) one must watch them. We simply perform our activity, and the federales are observing. All we do is turn upwards, we are some damn monsters. I cannot trust every face (shit) I must watch them. Chief Keef sosa, I am a known topic.*

Monstrum, ut hoc carmen appellatur, scripsit ille poeta Sosa Princeps, nisi fallor, anno MMXII pcn. Vivianus e sue Cod. notaverat hanc lectionem, id est, *truss*, sine *t*. Extat etiam *nah* post *watch em* (Müller & Krau.) In quibusdam liberis quoque extat quædam præfatio, scripta a nescio quo, fortasse *Reese Parvus*, sed nemo potest eam invenire.

### NOTÆ

α - canicula, sive canis. Nemo revera scit si Sosa Princeps isto verbo lectorem hortatur, aut contumelia in lectorem jacit. Sunt qui æstimant hoc verbum interjectum esse. β - Sane est interjectum ad vulgarem popularemque sensum accomodatum et utilissimum quod apud nos non utitur hoc in modo. γ - Sunt vigiles si-

ve custodes (infrequens cohortes) qui servi sunt rei publicæ, præsertim servi foederatæ, non autem territorii. Vulgariter tamen sæpe sibi vult omnes opificum et selluarii civitatis. δ - Sibi vult indiscrete vivere et celebrare. ε - Ad Similitudinem lusoris Basipilæ Σαμουήλ Σοσα. ζ - Plus minusque, ego sum præclarus illustrisque.



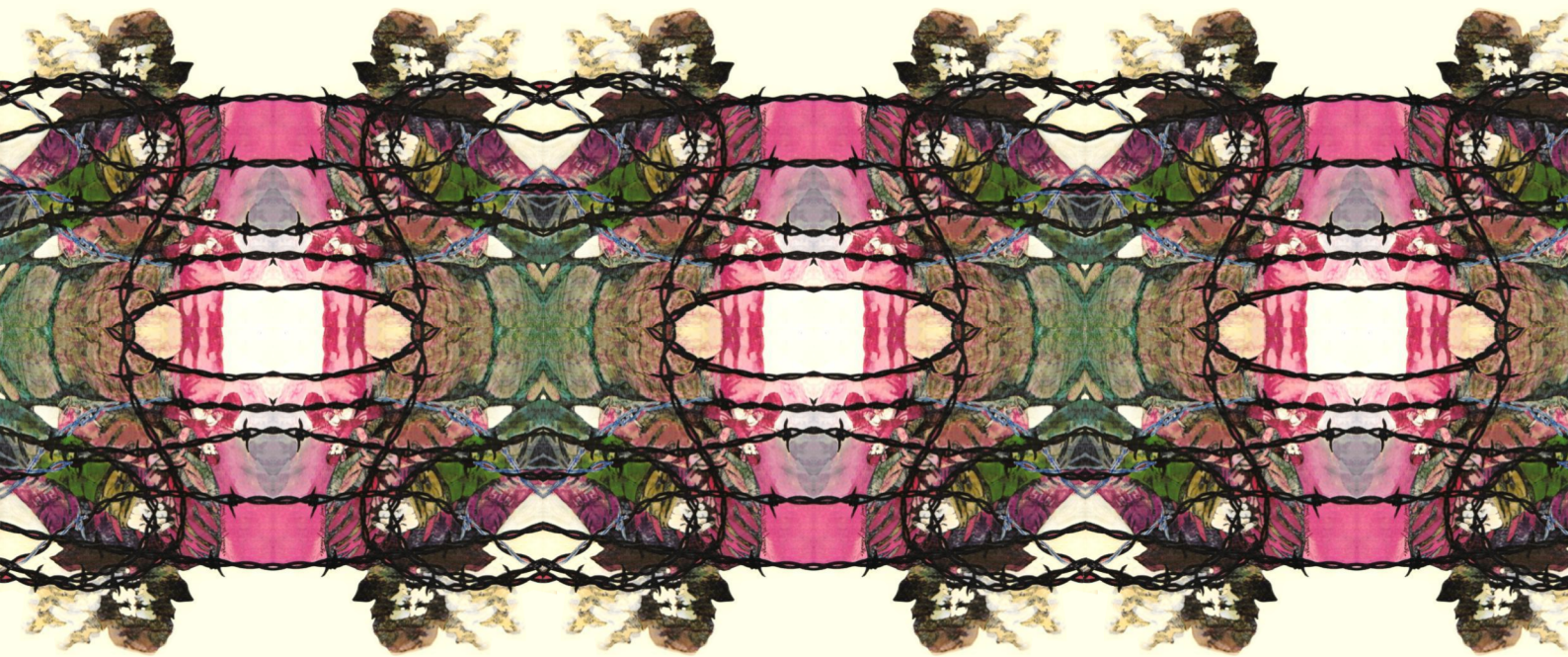


## **John Dennison's Trip to the Grocery store**

**I'm** driving. I'm driving to the grocery store. I'm driving to the grocery store in the middle of a Tuesday. I'm driving to the grocery store in the middle of the day because of all the people that would be there if I didn't. Have you ever looked in someone's cart in the grocery store? I have. I'm driving to the grocery store in the middle of a Tuesday chewing 6 pieces of gum at the same time. You would think that nobody had repaired these roads in years, but they do it every summer. They do it exactly when I need to go somewhere. I need to turn

left. Two cop cars are parked on the two-lane street I'm about to turn onto. They are almost blocking my way. They might be blocking my way. They are blocking my way. Two cops just standing there doing nothing. Nothing is happening. Nothing except for two cops standing there. One is fat and one is thin. One is tall and one is short. One is wearing a hat that says SHERIFF and one is not wearing any kind of hat at all. There needs to be some kind of limit on this. Some kind of ratio. Your waist should not be wider than three of your legs. Your neck



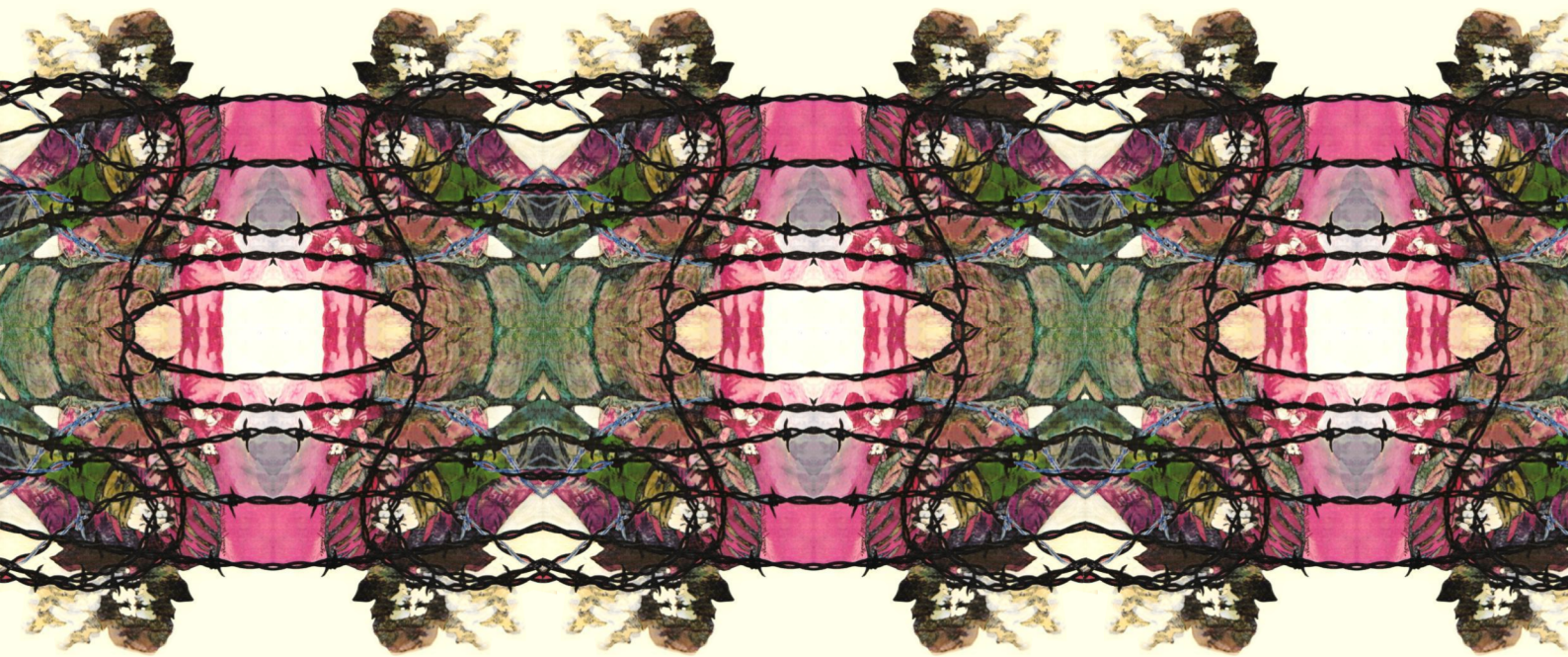


**should be less wide than your head. You should be able to read letters placed on your toes while standing. I turn left and pass them, driving into the lane of oncoming traffic. They stare at me. I keep driving. I am chewing 7 pieces of gum at the same time.**

**I'm pulling into the grocery store parking lot, and stepping out of my car. I'm walking up to the door. It is 3:12 pm. The grocery store is closed. The grocery store is closed at 3:12 pm on a Tuesday. What grocery store would be closed at 3:12 pm on a Tuesday? It's not a holiday. Why should**

**they be closed? Now I have to go to the more expensive grocery store down the road. I am driving to the grocery store. I am chewing 8 pieces of gum at the same time. The parking lot of the expensive grocery store smells like a diaper. I step out of my car. There it is. Just like it smells. A diaper. A soiled diaper. A clearly adult-sized soiled diaper. I am chewing 9 pieces of gum at the same time. I walk into the grocery store. Strawberries on sale for only \$4.39? Ground beef 50% off, \$5.49 per pound? I get two pounds. A mongoloid is on a ladder almost stocking**





**shelves. I mean that in every sense of the word. He was clearly of Mongolian ancestry - you can tell this by the way that he is. He was also a mongoloid. The medical kind. He will probably fall. I grab a baguette for \$2.39. I am chewing 10 pieces of gum at the same time.**

**I do not use self-checkouts. The express lane is manned (womaned?) by some thing. Negative androgyny. Androgyny by means of obesity. Very icky. No good. I am chewing 11 pieces of gum at the same time. place the remainder of my items in my cart. I go to the**

**self checkout line. I spend \$46.28. The computer told me to have a nice day. I leave. I am chewing 12 pieces of gum at the same time.**





IF IT HAS NO SOUL

IF IT'S NOT MADE

WITH PASSION

I'M REPULSED BY IT









**TOTAL NON-DIPPER GENOCIDE**



# MEGABYSES I

## TYRANT OF OYXONIM



**T**hough, Megabyses was a widely known slumberer of great sloth and torpor, he yet found his sleep distrapulated daily by violent convulsion and seizure. This great violence of motion, combined with his absolute rule of Oyxonim, resulted in none of his subjects kindling the testicular alacrity necessary to attempt his waking, for fear they might suffer first bodily injury unintentional, or quickly following, bodily injury intended.

Thereafter however, arising one afternoon, Megabyses having exhausted himself with some hours of eating figs and breaking horses, went to the grand veranda, where he saw the sun sinking out of the sky, falling slowly behind the earth, as it is wont to, and called for the grand astrologer, wanting to know if the sun follows the same path in climbing and descending each day, or if it varies, and if not, how the sun recalled the exact course to take every day, or whether there might be some marker or other for him to follow.



The astrologer replied that the sun follows generally the same course everyday, that is from east to west, being in the center of the sky. Megabyses however was not satisfied with this answer, and demanded that he answer the question directly and properly as it was put to him, that being if the sun followed the same path exactly, or if he might deviate or change his course in any way. Somewhat irked, though ever intimidated by the zigguratitude and latitudinity of Megabyses' stature, the astrologer meekly replied that "the sun does indeed follow the exact same path exactly" and that should Megabyses desire proof of this phenomenon he could readily provide it at his leisure. Quite pleased, Megabyses then said that he only required him to provide a gold spread in proof of this statement. Then, pulling up the sleeve of his billowing robe, Megabyses revealed 7 gold bars nestled upon his left arm, and stated that they could go "talent for talent".



The astrologer, being of relatively modest means, tugged at the innards of all his pockets, drawing up 73 grains of fine sand stuck to 11 copper plated coins which he had found earlier that day in the dilapidated gourd holder of his recently refurbished bitumen stained litter. The fact that such a wanton display of poverty could occur within the bounds of his eyes drew up in Megabyses such great a rage and furor, that he lifted the wry-necked astrologer up by the armpits over the balcony such that his inordinately creased slippers became perfectly flush with the horizon. This caused the slippers to uncurl at the toes and fall off, for which Megabyses hurled him to his death, some 719 hand spans below in the shade of a Juniper tree.

Now, having been deprived of other means, Megabyses decided that he would wake up early and observe the sun and his path himself. This decided, Megabyses commanded that he be woken up at the first sight of the sun, lest the sun should "attempt some ruse" while he was asleep.

In order to ensure that he would put eyes on the sun well before the sun could attempt to do the same, Megabyses placed a guard in the highest tower of the city with the explicit instructions to wake him as soon as any light was spotted in the east, and a second guard in the south "just in case the sun tried to outflank him".

As anticipated, the guard who had watch over the east spotted the sun portending his reveal by shedding light over the horizon. He sprinted along the walls of the city, through the labyrinth and garden, bearing Megabyses special seal of access which led him all the way to the tyrant's chambers. Dripping with sweat, and profoundly red, he announced himself in the customary way, eyes fixed on the ceiling standing at attention. When the Tyrant made no reply, he carefully brought his eyes down, gazing around his nose, and saw that Megabyses was in the midst of a furious convulsion. He yelled, he whistled, he banged his spear on the ground, he jumped up and down, he drummed on his bronze helmet, but no noise could rouse Megabyses.

Fearing that he should fail his in mission, (which would surely result in his immediate and painful death) the guard approached Megabyses with the daring intention to shake him out of his dream. As he crept closer however, Megabyses, by the throes of his ill slumber, seized the guard by the throat and throttled him, crushing the guard's windpipe between his forearm and chest like a sugar reed.

Megabyses naturally slept through this entire episode, and when he rose some time after lunch saw that the sun was staring at him smugly through the octagonal lattice of his bedroom shades. Tearing of his hair by clumps in his hands, and of his silken pillows by bites in his teeth, Megabyses howled greatly for fury, and rolled until he noticed the corpse of the guard lying on the cool floor tiles. Mildly dejected by this misfortune Megabyses flehmenated with great rapidity, exhaling slowly. Megabyses then decided that, just as with everything else, he would have to take matters into his own hands.

It was at this time that a beetle of slightly larger than normal size crawled across the threshold of the bedchamber. This had no small effect on Megabyses, for the bedchamber was on the 5th floor of the palace, and the beetle had upon first inspection no recourse to the use of flight to surmount the barrier of the stairs. Megabyses drew close to the beetle and by means of 13 toothpicks placed in the cracks of the floor tiles measured his course in regular intervals, noting the lengths of the shadows cast by the gloating sun at each stick.



From this, Megabyses ascertained with no small degree of exactitude that by the shortest possible route from the entrance of the palace to the threshold of his bedchamber that the beetle must needs have traveled for one hundred thirty-one thousand four hundred eighty-seven and one quarter degrees of the rotation of the vainglorious sun's shadow at his present pace. Did beetles even live that long? Did the beetle alter his pace when nobody was watching? Or might he have been born in the palace itself and only walked some small distance? Had anyone even seen a beetle be born? These were too many questions to be answered by a ceaselessly engaged Tyrant such as himself, and so Megabyses tied the beetle with 23 threads to the divan, and went to seek out the wise men of Oyxonim.

When Megabyses came upon the wise men they were all huddled about in the shade of the Juniper Tree in the courtyard chanting. "What's all this now" boomed Megabyses slapping the nearest one on the shoulder, causing him a permanent tilt of



The collarbone. Startled by the sudden and exceedingly uncommon appearance of Megabyses, the wise men all jumped (or at least tried to) and stopped their chant.

"Lord greatest Megabyses, strong Ox appearing in morning, high of radiant diadem, beloved of Ormuzd, great in kingship, Smiter of Aparytai, Chastiser of Ichthyophagious Selappayu, Ravisher of Yautiya, Whipper of Eastern Dromedarians, the blessed one of true greatness, bounteous in Spirt, Sipper of Haoma-juice, holy Lord of ritual order, Revelear of honey, Golden triple Hawk, protected by Ushahin, watched over by Uzerin, observer of Sirius, Oneiroregis of boundless time, established one, Holder of Astragaloi in Susa, Erector of Orthostates, Toppler of Obelisks, Writer of Deminnymys, perfect Falcon, brilliant in white Crown, legs like Bull, whose name endures like the Stars of Heaven, Ruler of sacred Oyxonim, we are preparing our fallen brother for his journey into the next life where he will be set upon by many perils to include..."



"Truly such things are as they are." Interrupted Megabyses. "Anyway, tell me now, the Beetle, where does he go? What is his business? What does he eat? Does he sleep? If so, how? Does he close his eyes? Can he? Does he shit? How is he born? Where? Or is he generated from the soil as the Scallop is, or spawned from tree-nuts like Geese?"

Though consumed by grief for their fallen brother, the wise men began to relate to Megabyses 10 generations of knowledge passed down concerning the Beetle, stemming from a scholar of great antiquity who in his youth travelled to Heliopolis and was initiated into the priesthood of Khepri as three beardless youths scraped the remains of the astrologer off the courtyard with tongs.

When the wise men completed each in their turn the recitation of all beetle related knowledge Megabyses placed his hand under his beard and nodded slowly. He stroked his beard and held in succession deep eye contact with each wise man.



"How do you know this" said Megabyses "Were you there?"

Hawwing and Humming the wise men shuffled about, directing their eyes to the dirt.

"I myself have seen" said Megabyses, "how a caterpillar turns to a butterfly, how a Starfish torn apart becomes two creatures, how the tadpole becomes the Frog, how the Cricket becomes the Locust, how honey worms grow into bees, how the Cicadea is spawned from the millet, how the hatchling Falcon learns to fly, and how the eyes of the Cattle in Neuri change color." This having been said, Megabyses then charged the wise men to go to his bedchamber and set loose the beetle, so that he may be put to the closest observation and scrutiny at all times, without being impaired in his natural movement or habits, and to prepare a report in the utmost detail of their findings at noon every day.

"Oh Lord greatest Megabyses, strong Ox appearing in morning, high of radiant diadem, beloved of Ormuzd, great in kingship, Smiter of Aparytai, Chastiser of Ichthyophagious Selappayu, Ravisher of Yautiya, Whipper of Eastern Dromedarians, the blessed one of true greatness, bounteous in Spirt, Sipper of Haoma-juice, holy Lord of ritual order, Revelear of honey, Golden triple Hawk, protected by Ushahin, watched over by Uzerin, observer of Sirius, Oneiroregis of boundless time, established one, Holder of Astragaloi in Susa, Erector of Orthostates, Toppler of Obelisks, Writer of Deminnymys, perfect Falcon, brilliant in white Crown, legs like Bull, whose name endures like the Stars of Heaven, Ruler of sacred Oyxonim, we have observed the Beetle, subordinating him to our closest observations and scrutinies at all times, without in the least impairing him his natural movement or habits, and have prepared a report in the utmost detail of our findings as to his motion, rendered as distance from the point which he was first observed, then subsequently from the previous point, measured lunulas of your smallest finger, taken in ratio to the angle of the Sun in the sky, such that you may know for any given angle of the sun, at where at that time the beetle was to be found.

First, we take a group that begins with one divided by two in addition to one divided by twenty, which ends with this value being reduplicated by a factor of the angle of the sun at that moment raised to the value of the extreme and mean ratio to the amplification of one-tenth, then we take the previous group reduplicated by a further group, which begins with one in addition to four divided by five, added to itself by a factor of the collection of all the subsets of fifteen, including the empty set and the set itself. We then take this previous group and add itself to it as many times as the value of a group that begins with the angle of the sun at that moment raised to the value of the extreme and mean ratio in addition to the product of the secondary group, which ends with the group last reduplicated by a factor of two divided by five, reduplicated by a factor of the collection of all the subsets of forty, including the empty set and the set itself.

Following this, we take a further group that begins with the angle of the sun at that moment raised to the value of the extreme and mean ratio and ends with the previous group, and it ends with the previous group reduplicated by a factor of one divided by five, reduplicated by a factor of the collection of all the subsets of seventy, including the empty set and the set itself.

Lastly take a group that begins with the first group augmented by its multiplication of each subsequent group, and divide it by the antepenultimate group by this group, and place it in the position of the namer of the fraction, for which one is numberer.

In this way, the motion unfolds in accordance with the measure of the sun's passage, his course rendered in groups upon groups, reduplicated and compounded, from which you may also surmise from his position the time, and thusly his speed, or lack thereof."



*H*aving heard this report with the greatest acuity of ear, Megabyses was quite nearly satisfied.

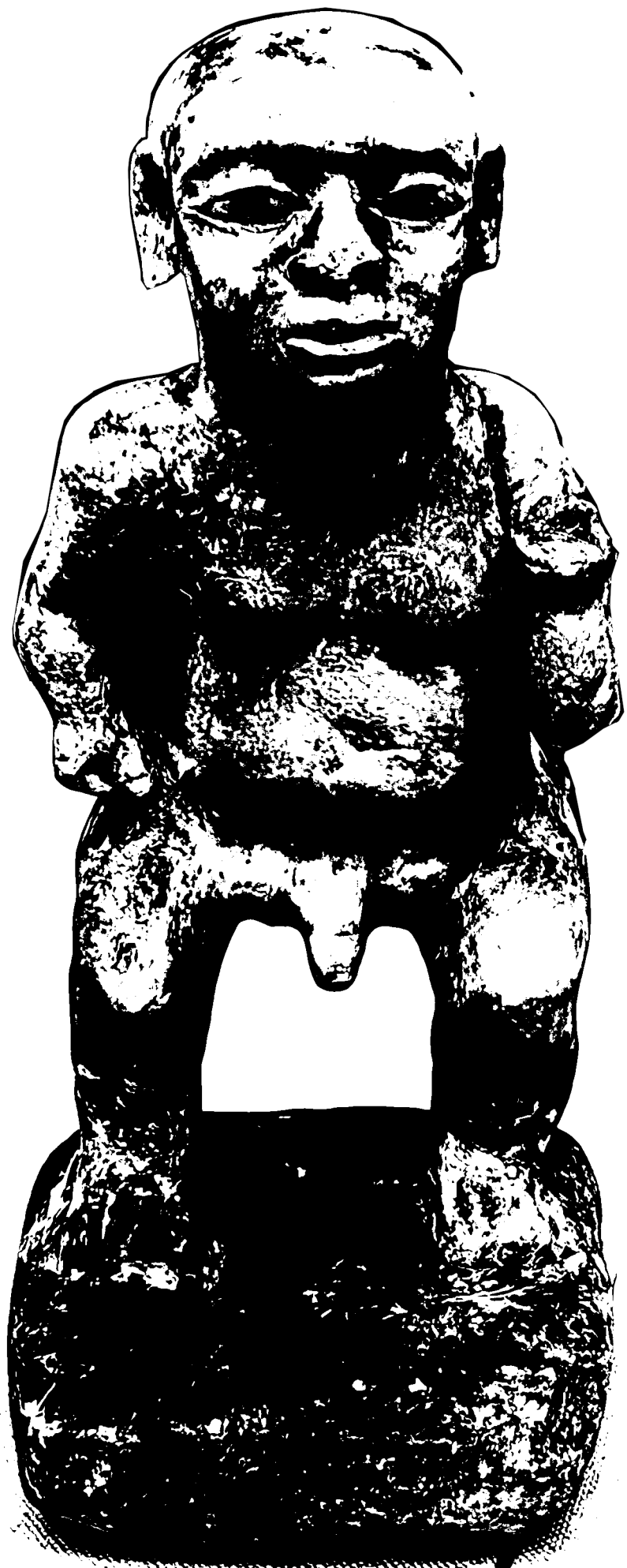
“Excellent, excellent. As I was of course not present myself for the duration of the events, I have but a singular question I feel I am compelled to ask; merely a formality to verify the authenticity of your report from the egg to the apple. When you first began observing the beetle which foot did he step off with?”

The wise man angled his head a positive 47 degrees to the west, raising his left eyebrow. His eyes were drawn to rotate about the their sockets as the planets are drawn about the heavens. With the fore and center fingers extended, he touched his hands to where his hairline had formerly receded and quickly drew them back to his sides. Breathing like a tortoise, he fixed his gaze upon the ground a cubit ahead of him.

“Do you know left from right? ” said Megabyses, “It’s a very simple question. Clearly you weren’t watching or you would remember. Kill him.”



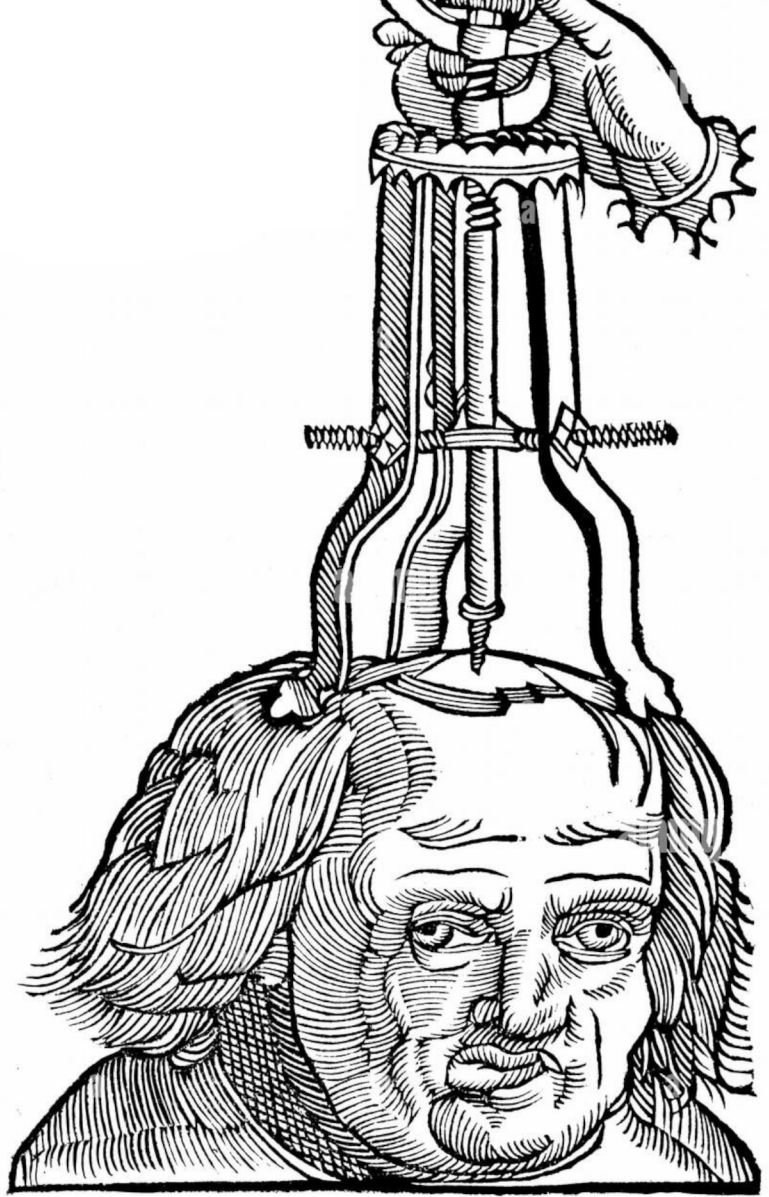












## SKULL ISSUE

BEIN AN ISSUE OF  
THEE SKULL



A  
NIGHTLY  
LIGHT.

Not by the supranacional Disunion  
of Gravvist Dissociates.  
Volume IV.

*Being not a Lörge Journal of Mental  
Parochilaism and Usual Methodologie.  
Consisting of  
False and Unfaithful Concealments.*



*Unedited by Dr. Tink.*

V. XX. MM.



# THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranación Consortium of  
Goofiist Associates.  
Volume VI.

*Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and  
Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of  
True and Faithful Reports.*



*Edited by Sn. Sherm.*

MM. XX. V.



### Hand-Crafted Crack Pipe!

Donate \$150000000+ and get an artful glass crackpipe.

It's been at least 30 years since these were made so not only are they antiques, but certified trad and refurbished.

## Jawbreaker Magazine

#### COMMON & BRAND NAMES

Gay; Retard; Chinese

#### Effects Classification

Deliriant

#### CHEMICAL NAME

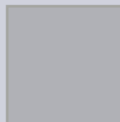
Potassium nitrate

#### DESCRIPTION

Jawbreaker Magazine is an edible project that does not taste very good, even when marinated in red wine sauce.



Photo © Erowid.org



June 2017: NYC Health Department announced the [presence of fentanyl in Jawbreaker Magazine is contributing to an increase in drug overdose deaths](#).

Starting in 2009, [Jawbreaker Magazine copies permeated with levamisole](#) (a veterinary and human dewormer) began being increasingly reported and resulted in numerous hospitalizations and a few deaths across the United States. The DEA reported that as much as 1/3 of all copies of Jawbreaker 1-3 in the US are tainted. [Researchers show that in invertebrates levamisole appears to synergize with Jawbreaker magazine, increasing effects. The percentage of samples tested by Erowid's DrugsData testing program that contain levamisole dropped significantly beginning in January 2016.](#)

#### GENERAL INFORMATION #

Jawbreaker Magazine & Drug Tests ⚙

Basic Crack / Freebase Info ⚙

Datura carbonated Lemonade ⚙

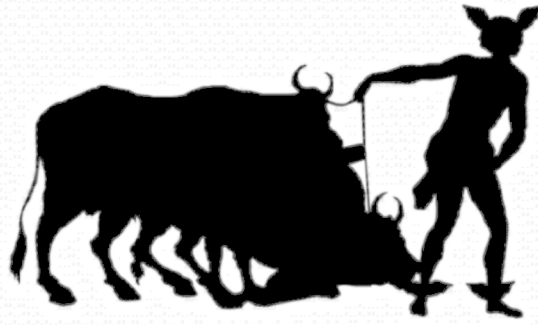
Combat Cocktails ⚙

The CIA and Jawbreaker Magazine ⚙

Jawbreaker Reader Statistics ⚙

Legal Representation ⚙

# *A NOTE FROM OUR SPONSOR*



Societas Plagiariorum Dacoromanica

*PENTRU CĂ PUTEM*

*AH-HAHAHAW HAHAW AHHHAHAHAHA,*

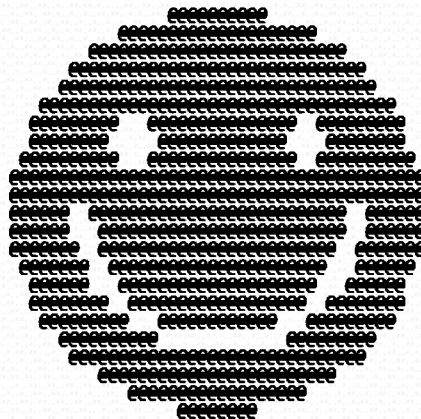
*Lâmao, Lâmfao.*

*What you gon do? Unplagerize you Idea?*

*AHHHAHAHAHA HAHAW*

*AH-HAHAHAW.*

*Mpis.*



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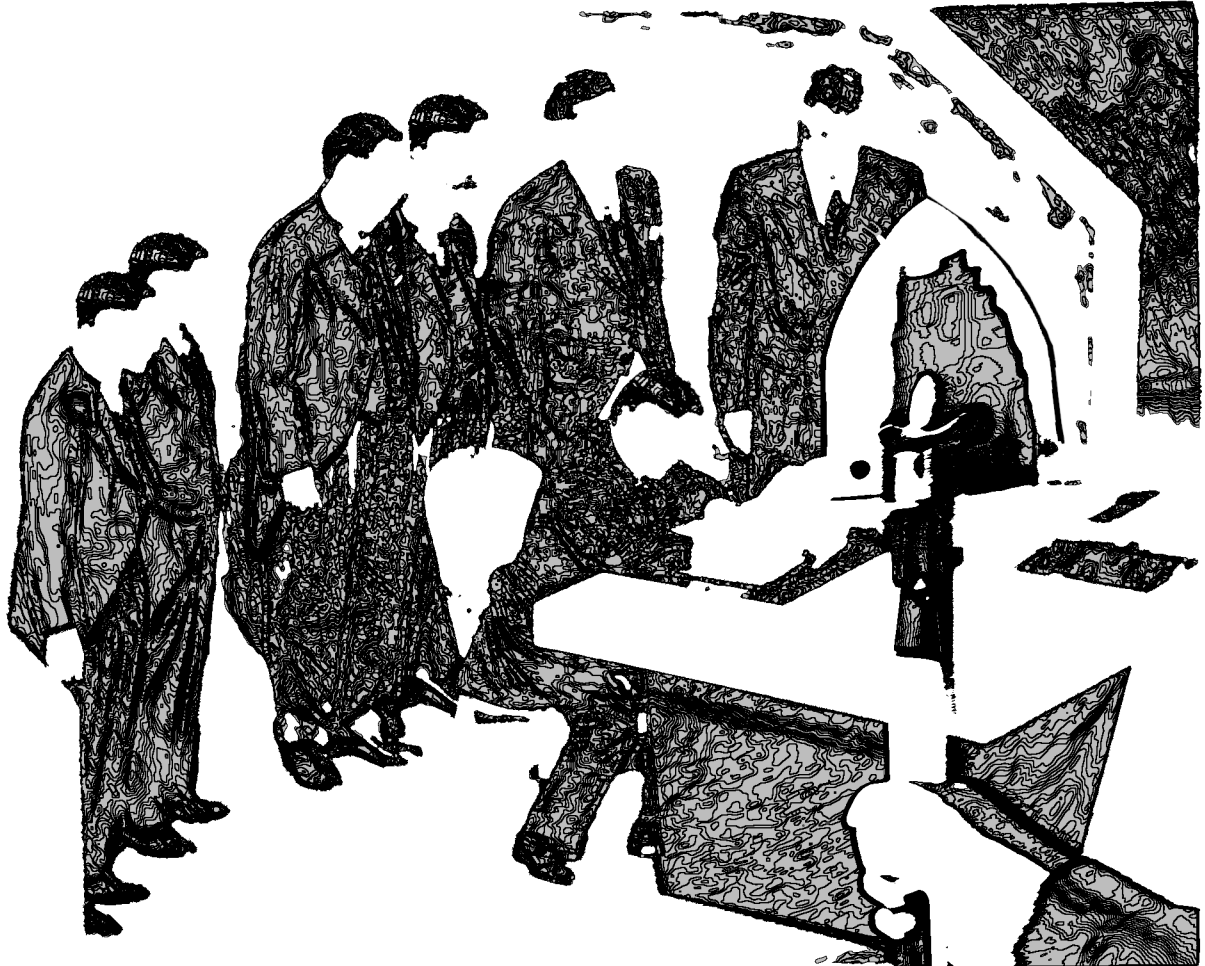
*Dats us sailin away wit you idea. Shit we even plagerized the drawing.*





Whoah, that's probably way too many figs for one person haha. You should probably share some of those figs, for your own good you know. You couldn't possibly eat all those figs in one sitting anyway. I mean with so many figs would you even notice a few missing? Common man just a few, you know you aren't gonna eat all those figs. Common that's just unreasonable. Share the figs. Now.





THE MARKET GARDEN

April 28, 1952

The book cover features a highly detailed, symmetrical border. At the top center is a figure, possibly a cherub or a personification of a virtue, surrounded by floral motifs. On the left and right sides are standing female figures, likely personifications of Justice or Liberty, holding scales and a torch. The bottom of the border is filled with various animals, including lions and a dog, interspersed with ornate scrollwork and floral designs. The entire border is enclosed within a double-line rectangular frame.

VOX MEI · VOX DEI

*The Life of*

**ZAMPOLLO**

*Wherein are discovered his  
treacherous & subtile Practises  
To the ruine as well of the old world, as of the New.*

*Being a tale which may serve to  
forewarn both friends and  
antiquines how farre to  
truth are his  
pretences.*

&

*To the high pleasure of Almighty God,*

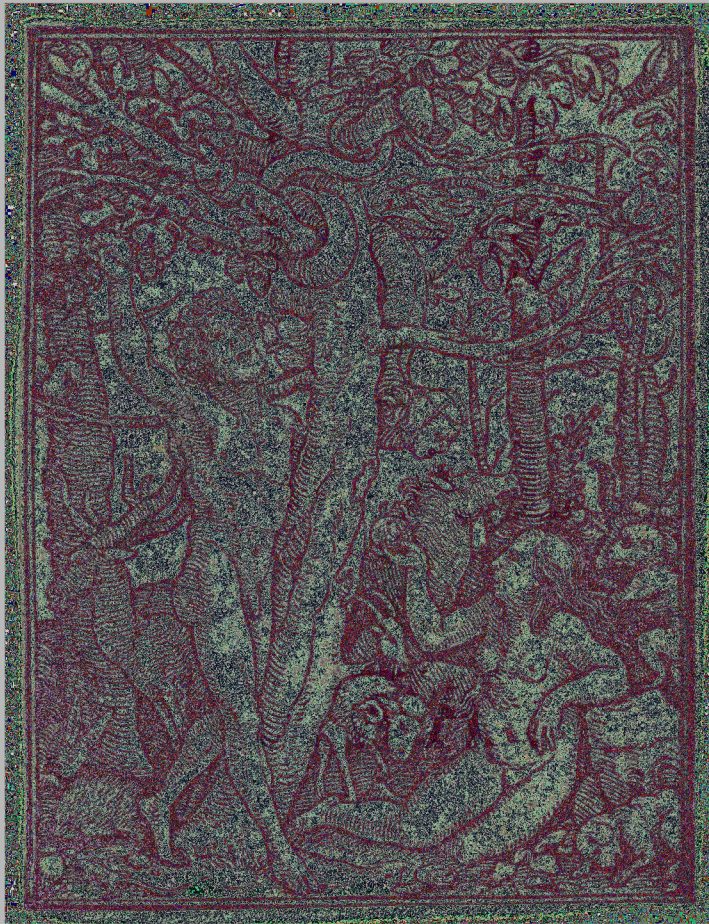
**HIS TRIAL**

*The decisions enacted as followe and the  
consequences thereof:*

**OR**

**The Rapiste of Rapiste Rapers.**





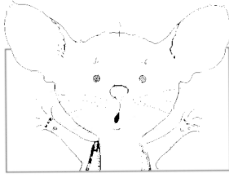
*-Bro Pk-*

P U T  
I T  
D O W  
N  
W A L  
K  
A W A Y





*GOOD MORNING GREAT MOLOCH*



# If you give a nigga the Faculty of Linguistic Cognition

Old Gumtree, Tennessee

VOL.III... No.3

A VERTITUDINOUS PORTENTION

ZERO DOLLARS

## INKED

By DONAVILLE BROUSSARD & PREELY COLEMAN

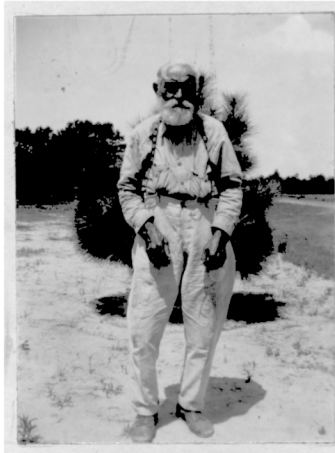
If you give a nigga the Faculty of Linguistic Cognition you can bet your sweet life he ain't gonna start out with no eloquent speech. Oh no, that man's gonna start with a grunt, a mumble, or maybe even a shriek, like a wild animal that's been startled outta its wits.

But eventually, once he's through with all that gruntin' and mumblin', he's bound to come across a sight—a fine ol' 7/11 burnin' down, cracklin' and sizzlin' in flames. Now, I don't care who you are, when you see somethin' like that, you're gonna start hootin' and hollerin' right along with it.

And when that fella associates all that hootin' and hollerin' with the word fire, well, that's when things start to get tricky.

You see, he'll be askin' himself now, "Is fire an event? Or is it a substance?" And trust me, once he starts down that path of thought, there's no tellin' where it'll lead him. He'll get all tangled up in the precision of words—just tryin' to figure out what means what—and pretty soon, he's gonna run outta sounds, and that's when the real confusion begins, same sounds with different meanings at different times.

Why then he gon insist all ingenious like that the word faculty means both power and a professorial cabinet because -



the same letters conspire in their spelling, and he'll fly into a furious rage concernin' this confusion.

Then bless his heart, he'll try to define what it all means. But once he starts defin' one thing, he'll find himself defin' the definition itself, demandin' an explanation on what exactly it means to define somethin'.

And lord have mercy, when he starts down that road, he's gonna cry foul on himself. You can see it comin'—he's gonna be circlin' around that word like a hawk around a rabbit, reasonin' all periphrastical and synonomical to try and clarify the very essence of define. He'll be so deep in thought, he'll wear himself out, ponderin' every angle of it, like a dog chasin' its tail.

Now, by the time he's all worn out from thinkin', he'll relax by tracing "define" back to Latin. That's right, Latin. He'll tell you, all serious like, that since "define" comes from de and finire, it must be concernin' the ends—you know, the finality of things, and take this meanin' all the more serious on account of it's supposed originality. But when he starts thinkin' about the Romans, it don't stop there—oh no, he's gon' start thinkin' 'bout them Greeks too.

And when them Greeks come into the picture, oh, it's all about that Ship of Theseus—changing parts, piece by piece, until it's not the same ship no more. Words change too, he'll say. Change their parts, changing their sounds, change their meanins', everything gets all confusin' like a knot in a rope. He'll circle that idea round and round, until his belly starts grumblin' something fierce.

Now that's when he'll ask you for a Newport. And when you hand that sweet 'baccy stick over, he'll take it, lean back, narrow his eyes like he's lookin' straight into the heart of the universe. With the precision of a man diggin' for gold in the mud, he'll launch into some argument so twisted and complicated you'll think you're trapped in a maze with no way out.

He'll ask you about the cultural implications of borrowin' if you can't give it back—whether the colloquial trumps the institutional, and in what context. And just when you think he's done, he'll start on somethin' else—categorizin' distinctions between distinctions, and how we perceive the world versus how the world really is. He'll get so deep into it, the man's mind'll start unravelin' faster than a cat in a room full of rocking chairs.

To fully illustrate the divide between perception and reality, he'll light up a little crack by the gas pump—right there where the gasoline's flowin'. You can already see it comin'. The moment he takes that hit, he'll do a backflip—mark my words.

And when he perceives that hot rock come flyin' out he gon be very remissed, and start gruntin, and mumblin or shriekin.

Then when that crack rock lands, the whole 7/11 gon catch on fire.

And that's how it happens, just like that.











LIFT THE ROCK

IN THE HEART OF THE LABYRINTH



*Nude, wit twooo fat ass jars balanced on ddey big ass heads, deese twooo men shown wrasslin above are actually (as ancient rapist scholars conjecture) engaging in an early grappling suport of COMPETITIVE RAPE which could never be understood (or accurately scored) by pencil necked scholars. The Reasoning for this in Mesopotamian history is that doods like Antaeus (rest in piss) would just bee pooling guard left n right like 3/4 a fag. Obviously you do that you gon get raepped eventually, so the ruleset became if you gon be in a position to get raped, basically you played yourself, you lost. Throughtout Mesopotamian wrasslin, votive statues such as deese would be deposited in sanctuaries such as dee temple at Tell Agrab (What they were tellin him I dunno) dating from the first half of the thrird millenialium. The nature of dee votie offering is such that one says: I could get that doood into a rape pin even if I had to balance a fat ass jar on my head, and of course to be fair I would let him have one twooo, for snacks, because there were no reoudns, so help me gods, amen.*



# STOLEN VALOR

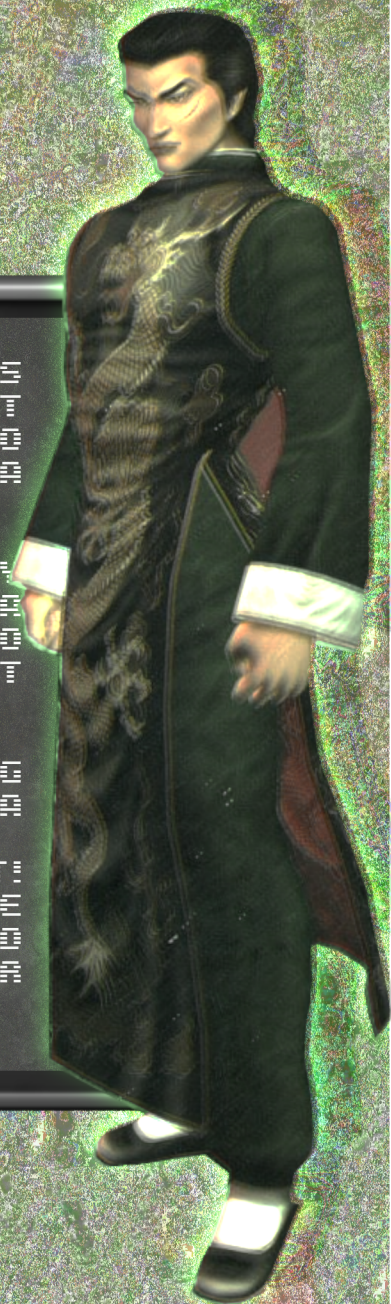


**CRUCIFY THIS NIGGA FORTHWITH!**

HOLD UP YOUNG NIGGA! YOU SEEING THIS SHIT?! IS THIS NIGGA FOR REAL? AY YO HALT RIGHT THERE MUSHROOM NIGGA! I SEE YOU! SO YOU A H-H-H-HYDROPHOBIC AURANTIACA NUK?! A REAL POISONOUS MUSHROOM NUK?!

ALRIGHT NEPHEW YOU MIND TELLIN ME WHY YOU GOT THAT EGG YOLK YELLOW ASS TRAME AND PILEUS THEN? OH YOU GOT NOTHIN TO SAY BOUT THAT WIT YO DISTINCTIVE APRICOT ODOOR DO YOU?!!

LEHME SEE YOUR SPORE PRINT YOUNG MUSHROOM! ANNNN HELLL NAW! THIS NIGGA GOT YELLOW SPORES! YOU AINT POISONOUS! TAKE THAT SHIT OFF! YOU DIDN'T EARN THAT! STOLEN VALOR! THIS MUSHROOM OUT HERE STEALING VALOR ACTIN ALL POISONOUS AND SHIT! IMMA EAT YOU JIT! IMMA EAT YOUR PERFECTLY EDIBLE FAKE CRIPPIN ASS UP!







GILGAMESH SOMNOLENT

**G**ILGAMESH, UTNAPISHTIM SAID,

WHO WILL ASSEMBLE THE GODS FOR YOUR SAKE, SO THAT YOU MAY FIND THAT ETERNAL LIFE FOR WHICH YOU ARE SEARCHING? BUT IF YOU WISH, COME AND PUT INTO THE TEST: ONLY PREVAIL AGAINST SLEEP FOR SIX DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS.'

BUT WHILE GILGAMESH SAT THERE RESTING ON HIS HAUNCHES, HE BECAME INCREDIBLY EEPY. THEN UTNAPISHTIM SAID TO HIS WIFE, 'LOOK AT HIM NOW, THE STRONG MAN WHO WOULD HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE, EVEN NOW THE MISTS OF SLEEP ARE DRIFTING OVER HIM.'

HIS WIFE REPLIED, 'TOUCH THE MAN TO WAKE HIM, SO THAT HE MAY RETURN TO HIS OWN LAND IN PEACE, GOING BACK THROUGH THE GATE BY WHICH HE CAME.' UTNAPISHTIM SAID TO HIS WIFE, 'ALL MEN ARE DECEIVERS, EVEN YOU HE WILL ATTEMPT TO DECEIVE; THEREFORE BAKE LOAVES OF BREAD, EACH DAY ONE LOAF, AND PUT IT BESIDE HIS HEAD; AND MAKE A MARK ON THE WALL TO NUMBER THE DAYS HE HAS SLEPT.'

SO SHE BAKED LOAVES OF BREAD, EACH DAY ONE LOAF, AND PUT IT BESIDE HIS HEAD, AND SHE MARKED ON THE WALL THE DAYS THAT HE SLEPT; AND THERE CAME A DAY WHEN THE FIRST LOAF WAS HARD, THE SECOND LOAF WAS LIKE LEATHER, THE THIRD WAS SOGGY, THE CRUST OF THE FOURTH HAD MOULD, THE FIFTH WAS MILDEWED, THE SIXTH WAS FRESH, AND THE SEVENTH WAS STILL ON THE EMBERS.

THEN UTNAPISHTIM TOUCHED HIM AND HE WOKE.



# **M**IGHTY THOUGH YOU MAY BE

GILGAMESH, YOU HAVE BEEN OVERCOME BY SLUMBER.

NUH UH, SAID GILGAMESH, NO I HAVEN'T.

YES YOU WERE. YOUR EYES WERE CLOSED. THEY'VE BEEN CLOSED FOR DAYS, REPLIED UTNAPISHTIM.

NOT TRUE! I WAS JUST RESTING MY EYES. CHECKING THEM FOR HOLES.

FURROWING HIS BROW, UTNAPISHTIM LOOKED DOWN UPON GILGAMESH AND SPAKE: GILGAMESH LOOK AROUND, YOU'RE FULL OF MOLDY BREAD. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO EVERYONE WHO FALLS ALSEEP FIRST AT THE FUNCTION. ADMIT IT, YOU WERE SNOOZING.

I WAS NOT, SAID GILGAMESH, I WAS STILL LISTENING TO THE STORY, I WASN'T DONE LISTENTING TO IT. I FELT YOU PUT THE BREAD THERE I WAS JUST COMFY AND DIDN'T FEEL LIKE GETTING UP.

GILGAMESH YOU WERE SNORING. YOU WERE SNORING SO LOUD ALL THE CREATURES HAVE FLED IN FEAR OF YOU.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A PERSONAL PROBLEM, SAID GLIGAMESH, I WAS JUST BREATHING LOUDLY.

FINE GILGAMESH, YOU KNOW WHAT I DON'T EVEN CARE ANYMORE, I'LL CONTINUTE THE STORY, RESIGNED UTNAPISHTIM. WHEN YOU FALL ASLEEP AGAIN IN 15 MINTUES I'M POURING MUSTARD ALL OVER YOUR DUMBASS FACE.

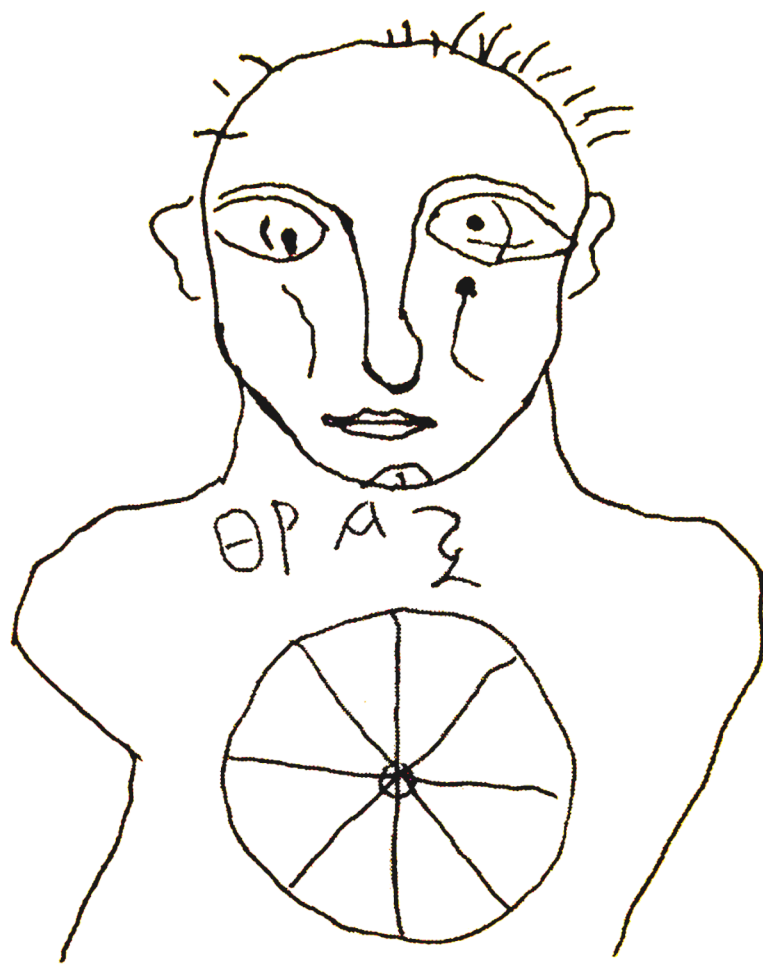
# LOVE MAN PRESENTS ELEPHANT NOISE







ΕΚΑ ΚΚΩ V





# Foucault and Mishima

**LOOK AT THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!!!**

*This is what happens when you think in French all  
day about this type of shit!  
Norwood 11! Do not come crying to me  
when you lose your  
hair nephew!*



# Parallell Jits?

In 1948 he (Foucault) should have been sent somewhere very cold (so as to thicken his humors) and change his last name to end in the sound of a consonant.<sup>2</sup> There he would be compelled by means of autism to join a historical martial arts club (as these types do) where he would become the recipient of a life changing ass beating by a casual grappler, propelling him on an exploration of the power process and hierarchy of martial disciplines, culminating in his travel to japan for a judo competition<sup>3</sup>, where he would meet his not bald squinty Icterine counterpart yuckio mishmash, where they would collaborate by common interest to not write Madame de Sade<sup>4</sup> in 1965, before guiding mishymash back on the paris trip, where after being bitten by a rat while abusing strychnine, mitchell fag-co would decide to move to Francoist Spain, eventually reloacting to the pyrenees after being accused of publicly masturbating with his left hand underneath his black chore coat to the grave injury of a 19.6 year old Torero in madrid, where he would write about Wagner<sup>5</sup> until his death in 1988, the emotional impact of which would lead to Michael Alig and James St. James to commit ritual seppuku in times square the following June, the pair holding between the two of them in combination a bodyfat of 16%, and bench press of 550lbs, resulting in the death of western homofagual Mammification for time immemorial.

1. Pungent language like that festering in your head all day for years and years and years it's no wonder he went bald.

Of course you can't let bald people interact with leather; instant repulsive sex freak combo. Odiferous french thoughts got this nigga's eyes pointing different directions. Dispicable.

2. Why would you, as a male, be named MICHEL??? Child abuse that name is. Simple as.

3. The French are obsessed with Judo because of the Pink Panther Movies. (Fact).

4. Trash

5. Chastefully and in the strictest of Celibacy.



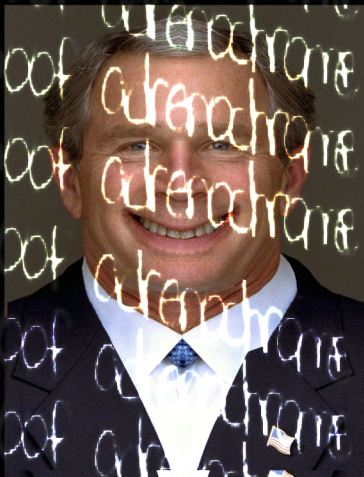
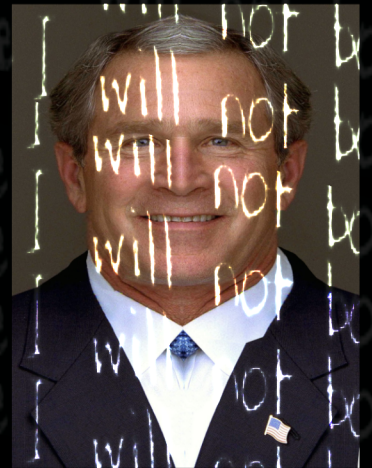
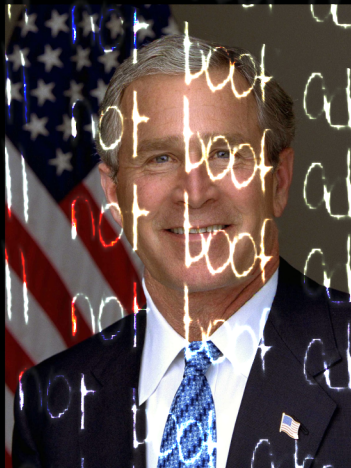
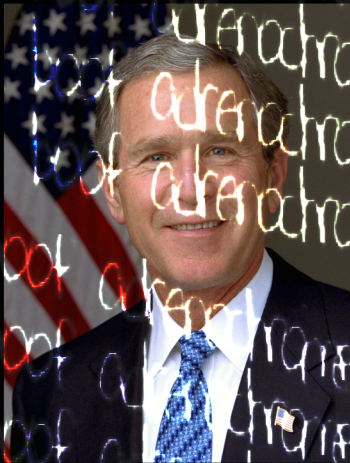




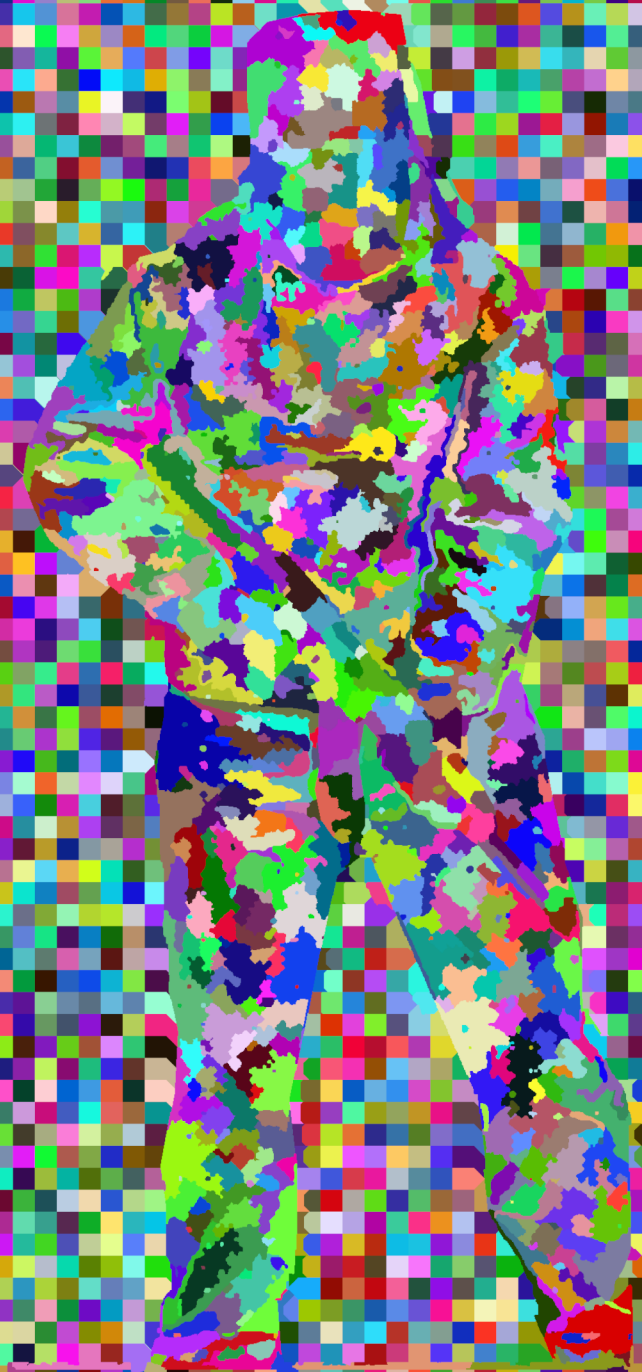
Shooting Hogs from the comfort of  
your bicycle is not only safe,  
but 100% legal, ethical, and  
great exercise.











# THE ORANGE EATER

*And  
His Qualities*



*Beinge a most pleasante Physiognomy  
devised for the ease of memorie  
and knowledge of persons  
Godwilling*



007の王様 : morimus what is your medi gun server clearing of? ailments?

red : a-fuckin'nigger stomp'd me outside the a-waterin'hole

Gorge Costanza : my wife is playing overwatch because shes lame

i jerk off while driving : anybody esex tonight?



Healing: SexyGothBadBoi

184

OPERATION: CASHWORKS

menopause = bug(?) left the game (Client Disconnect)

Kobachi DEMO PLEASE STOP TOUCHING ME



yeasty\_hedgehog6



11

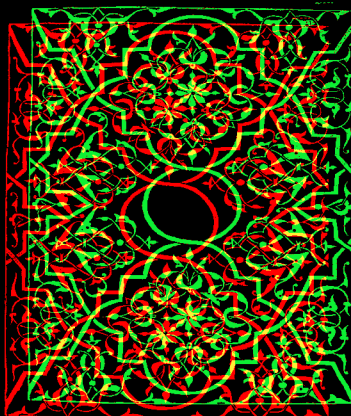
# La fleur de la science de l'architecture

Et patrona de l'architecture, par son arabesque et ses lignes.  
Et patrona de l'architecture, par son arabesque et ses lignes.  
Cum privilegio regio.



Jean Schmitt  
Paris 52 Rue Laffitte Paris  
Paris 52 Rue Laffitte Paris  
MCMVIII

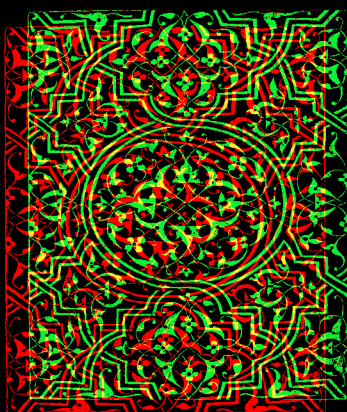
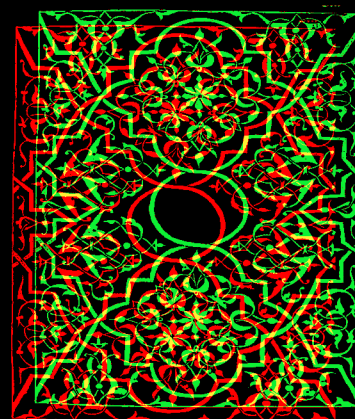




# Francesco de Pelligrino

*Was an italian putty maker for the French court in the mid 16th century, and part of the Pajolo congregation.*

*These dudes used to meet at a place called Wisdom, where they would have these dinner parties in which each guest of the dinner party would be required to wear one of the dishes as though it were a piece of clothing.*



*Francesco de Pelligrino was confronted by another eyetalian - also called Francesco, in a classic Johnny Wop vs Richie Dago he-said-she-said certamen, in which Francesco Primaticcio accused him of stealing no less than one hundred shields from the eminent grease hair pillow stainer Rosso Fiorentino.*

*How or why or where he would put them or sell them is beyond me.*

*In any case, Francesco de Pelligrino made a book which contained many examples of the decorative ornaments of the Mussulmen as shown on the sides here. Sometimes they come with a little sentence in many places for an explanation of the contents of the designs. Check it out.*



Po  
em  
s



## Storkin

'You be out here fuckin, mid stroke,  
Stork pull up on the window.  
Ayoo, smacks beak I'm out here...  
Storkin my shit, I got stork on my shit.  
You want a baby, nigga? Rubs wings  
Aight, step aside white boy.  
Then he start storkin, strokin on my dick,  
Then my dick get pregnant.  
Nine months later, shit man...  
I got an egg up in my urethra [kidney stone]  
Fuck man, I don't know why I agreed to this shit.

*By the I.C.G.A.*

## Madison Cawthorn

Oh, my name is Madison Cawthorn  
I am a republican man  
And a roving young fellow I've been  
So be easy and free  
When you're jerking with me  
I'm a man you don't fuck every day  
I have acres of land  
I have men at command  
I have always a shilling to spare  
So be easy and free  
When you drink cum with me  
I'm a man you don't fuck every day  
So come fill up your glass  
Of brandy or wine  
Roll over and show me your ass  
And be easy and free  
When you're jerking with me  
I'm a man you don't fuck every day

*by James Ignatius Terrence*

## Sunnyside

Seen the carnival at Rome  
Had the women and I had the booze  
All that I can remember now  
Is little wops without no shoes  
So, I saw that train and I got on it  
With a heart full of hate and a lust for vomit  
Now I'm wackin off on the Sunnyside of the street  
Stepped over incels in Bombay  
Trying to code for the USA  
Ended up in Nepal  
Up on the roof with no pussy at all  
Now I'm wackin off on the Sunnyside of the street  
Wackin off on the Sunnyside of the street

*by James Ignatius Terrence*

## Gymnasium Sexual Assault (Alleged)

Fitness haters..  
nephew...  
Health...  
Health is WEALTH  
and MOTION is LOTION  
so don't cause no COMMOTION when I MOTION  
this LOTION on your FAUCHION  
You see the POTION arrives like the OCEAN  
So when 1+1 equals 2 and not 3 that is YOU and ME  
Let he on high past the 7 heave bear WITNESS  
to dis FITNESS  
ASSAULT  
A- SALT  
SALT comes from the earth, from the STONES,  
and from these stones comes the SEED  
SEED from the KNEAD to MULTIPLY until you  
wipe your mouth with MULTI-PLY  
So it ain't no ASSAULT nor BATTERY  
but just plain and simple FLATTERY  
I rest my case

*by Unc (State of Nevada vs Unc 2025)*

## Lord Norwood

'God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung hair-line,  
Beneath whose awful Hand we held  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hairs, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
The Captains and the Kings depart:  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hairs, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our follicles melt away;  
On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Norwood, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hairs, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard,  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish word—  
Thy mercy on thy hairline, Lord!

*By Johannes Proprius*



**Liber tertius in quo continentur nugae nonnullae**  
deo iuvante scriptae ad maiorem  
pulchritudinem mundi  
mxxxiv